Galaxy Girl

***“She was like a piece of art – art isn’t always supposed to be beautiful – it’s supposed to mean something.”***

I look over the edge of the damp concrete balcony – the bustling city street 15 flights below calling out to me.

Telling me what I should do.

I return to the interior of the dingy hotel room, walking over the stained beige carpet and opening the top drawer of a poorly built, water-damaged nightstand. The drawer creaks as I open it, moaning in displeasure at the harsh friction caused by the bloated wood. I remove the small silk satchel that sits inside – a striking change from the dirty nightstand. I slip the satchel into one of the pockets of my long white dress, feeling the material weigh down as the small object pressed up against my leg, It bounces up and down as I move towards the closet, sliding open the cracked, dusty mirror that served as the door. I kneel down on the rough carpeting, pulling out the unconscious body that lay on the floor. The person moves slightly, releasing a hum of discomfort, causing me shush them.

“Don’t worry,” I whisper to it calmly, stroking their cheek with the chapped bleeding fingers, “You’ll be free soon.”

I stand back up; carrying the person towards the balcony where it meets it’s new home on the cold cement floor. I reach down and untie the blindfold that is tightly wrapped around their head, lightly patting their cheek as they regain consciousness.

I reach down, untying the gag around the persons mouth and cutting of the ropes that bound its limbs. They opened their eyes, blinking profusely before sitting p, dusting off their light pink skirt and straightening their floral blouse.

“Took you long enough,” they muttered, pinning a loose curl of platinum blond hair back into place rising to their feet, “what is it tonight? Murder? Kidnapping? Please tell me that you didn’t bring me all the way out here for a kidnapping.”

I shake my head and laugh dryly. As if a kidnapping was worth my time. After all, I like to get my hands dirty. Death is more suited to my tastes.

Death is the main cause of my race after all – choosing which humans live and which ones die, and how, of course. But after so long it’s become less of natural selection and more of a game.

“Suicide,” I say, smirking when their face lights up with glee.

“Oh yes! Haven’t seen one of those in a while,” they glances around, noticing the lack of a third party, “where are they?”

My childish smirk turns into a devious one as I answer its typical question.

“Already here.”

They have a look of pure confusion on their face as I approach, reaching for the satchel in my pocket. I pull it out and dangle it in front of its face, its eyes now widening.

“You wouldn’t,” they utters with an abundance of artificial confidence.

“You’ve had a good run.” I reply simply, and it just hangs it just hangs its head, accepting defeat.

I remove the item from the satchel, placing the small gold pill in its hand. It moves it back and forth between its long fingers, watching it shimmer in the moonlight.

“The pill,” they whisper dreamily, “what does it do?”

“Motivation,” I respond, “changes your motivation. To something else. In this case, your motivation is to die.”

They nod slightly, looking back at the sparkling orb between their slender fingers.

“Nice pick,” they comments breathlessly.

“Thought you would appreciate it.”

I grab the cup from the ledge, handing it the glass of glowing purple and blue liquid.

“A galaxy,” it says, obviously impressed, “never drank one before.”

I nod, only mildly jealous; “Everyone should taste the stars before they die, I explain calmly, “with the pill as your centre. In this case, a sun”

They nod as well, before saying the predicted statement, “thought you would have chosen the moon.”

I shake my head, releasing a dry laugh, “only for myself.”

They nod, finally understanding, glancing from the cup to the pill in their hands.

“So I guess this is it then.” they say quietly, a single tear running down their tanned cheeks, “no more adventures.”

I lean forward, using the tips of my porcelain fingers to wipe the tear from their face before repeating their earlier statement “no more adventures.”

They take a deep breath before tipping back the pill, washing it down with a sip of the thick, bittersweet beverage. It shakes their head at the unexpected flavour, and sets down the cup, giving me one last smile before closing their eyes. I’ve seen the transformation happen a million times before, the paling of the skin, the loss of colour to the eyes, the mysterious rips appearing in the previously flawless clothing.

But it still felt strange.

Maybe it was them.

Maybe it was HIM.

He approaches the ledge; climbing up on it, standing there, skirt and all, wind blowing through his short blonde hair. This was not the boy I knew though – this was someone different. But I could have sworn as he turned around and mouthed the word “goodbye” that it was the same person.

People say that things like this happen in slow motion, but that’s not true. If anything, these things happen too fast. He jumped off, clothes waving in the wind, hair flying. And in a second, he hits the ground far below with a deafening crack. Blood gushes out in puddles around him, neck clearly snapped, spine clearly broken. Screams echo in the streets as people run towards them mangled corpse lying in the middle of the road. I smile a sad smile down at the scene below, turning back into the hotel room, taking the last item out of the little silk satchel.

The note.

It was written in dark red ink on thick, high quality parchment paper, the cramped writing the perfect mix between messy and neat – the perfect mix between sincere and serious. I smile at the note – the one he had just written subconsciously as he swallowed that pill. I read over it once before placing it on the bed underneath a small stone paperweight, so that it wouldn’t blow away in the chilly breeze that was streaming in through the open balcony doors.

*It’s always interesting to see their last thoughts,* I ponder, *get a true sense of whom they really were.*

I look around one last time, brushing my hair out of eyes and straightening my skirt before collecting they remaining items and preparing for my departure. I smile one last time as I hear police sirens, closing my eyes as I vanish from the hideous room.

*This is my suicide note, I guess.*

*I mean, I have to leave one, don’t I?*

*Okay.*

*Let me tell you my story. From the beginning.*

*I’m a boy, 23 years old.*

*I’ve always been made fun of just because I was born a boy who dresses like a girl. Wearing skirts and makeup makes me feel pretty. Why can’t a boy be pretty?*

*Anyway, no one understood.*

*Until her.*

*She didn’t care about any of that, just the fact that I was human. She was so pale, she was nearly a ghost. Her skin had so many bruises that only stood out more because of the porcelain quality of her flesh. She has messy hair, all different colours. Blues and purples and pinks and greens.*

*Almost like a galaxy.*

*She always wore a simple white dress, never any shoes. She never wore makeup, even though she had a large scar on her pale face, stretching from her hairline to the tip of her top lip. She hated it, but refused to cover it up. I liked it. Said it made her smile looked crooked, devious. Like she was up to something.*

*She said she was.*

*We went on many adventures, me and her. We had the best time. We saw things, things I never thought I’d like.*

*Things I learnt to love.*

*Sometimes this scared me, but she said it shouldn’t. We should be able to enjoy what we want. Within reason.*

*But it always felt like what we were doing was beyond the bounds of reason – like it was something else entirely. But I learnt to stop caring. It didn’t really matter anymore.*

*But then it was my time – my time to stop.*

*Even then she treated me well – wiped the tears from my face and said a proper goodbye. As I stepped up on that ledge I looked back, and saw her looking at me too, and she looked like she had stars in her eyes.*

*In her hair.*

*In her skin.*

*She looked like the night sky – like a galaxy.*

*And I just smiled at her and said “goodbye”.*

***Goodbye galaxy girl.***

{1486 words }